Happy Birthday
Kokichi Ouma
Bonus PDF
6-21-2021

ROLL THE DICE

super secret birthday mission! bonus PDF

A MESSAGE FROM THE MODS

In celebration of one supreme leader of evil's birthday, the Roll the DICE! zine team would like to present you with this mini PDF!

We would like to thank you for all of your support on this project thus far and wanted to give a little something back in return! We were able to bring this project to life with the help of our amazingly talented contributors and their infinite amount of love for Kokichi Ouma. We hope you enjoy all the wonderful content our beloved contributors put together and have a happy June 21st!

CONTENT WARNING

This mini zine contains ships and themes that may not be suitable for everyone. All content will be tagged appropriately in the following table of contents.

Please view at your own discretion.

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DID YOU KNOW? Some of these fics include audio versions!

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@NootsMyGunAtYou
@HereComesAComment

CONTAINS: RANTARO AMAMI, MIU IRUMA

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✧ **Red Embers** — by THEMAYBELLTREE — 43

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...and you!

The Ultimate Supreme Grape Panta Float of Evil

Ingredients

- A cup (stick it in the freezer first!)
- A spoon
- A crazy straw!
- Vanilla ice cream
- Grape Panta (or a normie grape soda for normies I guess)
- Grapes (so you can tell any nagging detectives or subordinates that you ate something healthy today.)

Optional:
- Whipped cream (extra creamy!)
- Sprinkles
- Wafer cookies
- Whatever else you wanna put on top! Other kinds of cookies, truffles, cherries, strawberries, blueberries, candies ...pick your poison!

1. With a scoop or a spoon or your hands, put one big scoop in the bottom of your cup.
2. Tilting the cup, pour the Panta in until it just covers the first scoop.
3. Repeat steps 1 and 2 until your cup is full. If you're putting whipped cream on it, try leaving a few centimeters at the top for a good whipped cream base.
4. If you're skipping all the optional stuff, top that bad boy off with some grapes, stick your crazy straw in it, and enjoy!

Optional steps:
5. Put down one flat full spiral of whipped cream. This is going to be your base.
6. Gently stick in whatever wafers or cookies you've got, deep into the whipped cream and float, with some of it still sticking up. Empty the rest of your can of whipped cream out on top. Literally all of it. You're a coward if there's any left.
7. Add your sprinkles! Then add your grapes and anything else you picked up!
8. NOW stick in that crazy straw and enjoy!

Strawberry Lemonade

HereComesAComment

"Why the fuck are you guys here?"

Miu's voice is gruff and raucous when she addresses them, contrasted by the careful way she sets down their drinks. Kokichi's still not used to the sight of Miu in a uniform.

Rantaro thanks her with a friendly smile. "We just wanted to visit a friend. Is that so wrong?"

"W-wha," Miu sputters, face flushing. "Where do you g-get off? Calling me a f... friend?!" She holds the tray up defensively over her scrunched up, constipated face.

Rantaro chuckles and swirls his iced latte with the straw. "I think of us as friends. Is the feeling not mutual?"

Miu makes a sound that's somewhere between a shriek and a hiccup as she shrinks in on herself, eyes watering.

Kokichi's seen enough.

"Well *I* came here for the free drinks!" he chirps loudly, breaking whatever gross atmosphere they had going on.

The effect is immediate.

“Hah?!” Miu’s expression shifts to one of annoyance as she yells, “These aren’t on the house, fucker! I’ll shove a sock down your throat if ya don’t pay up!”

Rantaro shakes his head with a sigh and takes a sip of his drink. He watches them with a fond, amused expression.

Kokichi slumps over the table, careful not to knock over his strawberry lemonade, and whines, “Then what’s the point of you working here? Useless Miu!”

“Miu scoffs. “I’m the only one of us with a job, you annoying piece of shit! If we’re talkin’ about useless, it’s you two!”

Before their usual banter can continue, Rantaro cuts in with an apologetic expression, “Miu, I think someone’s calling for you.” He points to the direction of the counter, where one of Miu’s coworkers is glaring at her with disapproval.

Miu clicks her tongue and straightens her posture. “Please call me if you need anything,” she tells them, her tone polite and professional, though she doesn’t bother masking her annoyed expression. “I hope you enjoy your drinks.” She gives them a slight bow before making her way to the counter, where she exchanges quiet but heated words with her coworker.

“Seems like we got her in trouble,” Rantaro muses with a guilty expression. “Maybe we should’ve come on a day when she didn't have a rush hour shift?”

“Nope!” Kokichi objects. “‘Cause then we would’ve missed out on today’s cheeseburger specialty!”

Rantaro huffs out a laugh. “I suppose I can’t argue with that logic.”

He doesn't point out that neither of them ordered the burger.

This is why Kokichi likes him.

"Obviously!" Kokichi takes the straw out of his drink and tries chugging it. He cringes at the sour taste but manages to down it in just two rounds. "No one's won an argument against me since I was three years old!" he boasts.

"I'm opting out of whatever you two end up doing once the sugar rush hits."

"Boring," Kokichi comments, reaching for Rantaro's cup. "Let me try yours!" He needs to wash out the sour taste.

Rantaro slides it towards him with a huff. "I think we should've ordered more."

Rantaro is easy company. He's one of the few people who happily plays along with Kokichi's whims and lies. And he's almost as good as him when it comes to filling in silences.

It's odd. It doesn't *feel* right.

But the lack of Miu's presence is like a constant ringing in Kokichi's ears. He keeps expecting Miu to interject into their conversation with her loud, boisterous personality, but it doesn't happen.

Kokichi thinks that Rantaro feels the same way, with how his eyes keep darting to where Miu is in frequent intervals.

Fortunately, they didn't have to wait long. Miu announces her presence by roughly sprawling into the booth beside Rantaro.

"My feet are *killin*' me," she groans, kicking her feet up on the table.

She's wearing casual clothes instead of her uniform.

Her shift is over.

Rantaro's the first to greet her. "Good work today, Miu."

"Yeah, yeah." Miu dismisses his words with a wave of her hands but adjusts so that she isn't leaning on him anymore. "How long are ya plannin' on crawling around here like a bunch of cockroaches? I can't wait to leave this place."

"Actually, we were thinking of—"

"Forever! We'll haunt this place until you die!" Kokichi cuts him off.

Miu scoffs and flips him off. "Like I'm even gonna work there until I die."

"But you're—"

Rantaro, probably sensing another meaningless argument coming, cuts *him* off, "We were actually thinking of treating *you* to a meal here. We haven't spent time together in a while."

Miu's voice is uncharastically soft when she says, "Oh."

Rantaro is ruthless in his attack. He continues, "We missed you, Miu."

There's an odd kind of silence after that. Miu ducks her face and twiddles with her thumbs. Rantaro patiently waits for Miu to respond, not taking his eyes off of her. Kokichi bounces his leg under the table.

The silence is strange, but not uncomfortable. It makes him feel

squirmy and restless, but not like he wants to run away.

A part of him wants to divert the topic, get rid of this weird mood. But he also, strangely enough, doesn't want to ruin the moment.

Because Rantaro's words aren't untrue.

When Miu managed to land herself a job, Kokichi didn't expect just how much less time they'd be spending together. Whenever he would drop by her lab, just as he's always done, he'd find it empty. There would be no loud cursing or yelling, no irritating sound of metal scraping against metal. Just a dark, empty lab with the barest presence of Miu in there.

And that's how Rantaro found him; standing outside Miu's lab, staring off into space when he realized Miu wouldn't be inside, hand on the doorknob. And Rantaro, being the nosy and 'thoughtful' person that he is, proposed the idea of visiting her one day.

Of course Kokichi would've said no if Rantaro hadn't offered to pay for his meal! He has plenty of other ways to entertain himself even if Miu isn't around! If there's anyone who misses hanging out together, it's Rantaro.

After all, what other reason would he have to visit Miu's lab?

Miu's voice is small and unsure when she snivels, "... Even the stinkin' blackberry fucknut?" Her face is red as she looks up timidly at Kokichi.

Kokichi pouts and denies it. "No way! I said I'm only here for the cheeseburger specialty!"

Miu's eyebrows furrow in anger. "You selfish little—"

“You got food poisoning the last time and vowed to never eat here again,” Rantaro (annoyingly) points out, cutting Miu off.

“Maybe I want to flirt with danger. Maybe I wanted to give this place a second chance, Rantaro, have you thought about that?” Kokichi shoots back.

“No stinkin’ way. Not after the way ya made out with the toilet!” Miu cackles, hunching over with laughter, already recovered from her earlier emotional episode. Rantaro tries to hide his chuckle with a cough, but Kokichi notices.

The shift in the atmosphere makes him relax. This is familiar, comfortable. Even if it comes at his expense.

Not that Kokichi will let go of a hit to his dignity like this.

So he passionately defends his honour, taunting them right back. Insults are thrown, laughs are shared, Rantaro almost choked on his straw once. They kept getting dirty looks from the staff and Rantaro strategically kept ordering more food and drinks whenever it looked like someone was going to ask them to leave. And before they knew it, the day was already ending and the cafe was closing.

Miu immediately flumps down on the parking lot as soon as they exit.

“I never want to look at another waffle in my fuckin’ *life*,” she groans, leaning back on her hands.

Kokichi and Rantaro unceremoniously plop down next to her. His limbs feel heavy as a pleasant and satiated buzz runs through body.

One of the streetlights in the parking lot keeps flickering on and off. The humid summer air is already making perspiration roll down his neck. He can see Rantaro's bike from this distance. He thinks about how the three of them would be a tight fit if they tried to ride the bike right now and if it would be a safe move when all of their stomachs were two seconds away from bursting.

He's taken out of his very important daydream about who would throw up first when Miu says, "Thanks." She isn't looking at either of them. She has her head thrown back, staring up at the sky as she speaks. "For coming over. And the food. And for… ya know…" she trails off, not finishing that sentence.

But she doesn't need to. They understand.

"It's quieter when you're not around," Kokichi finds himself saying. "Some might say it's peaceful, but I say it's *boring*." He can *feel* the knowing smile Rantaro's sending his way and chooses to ignore it. "And the milkshake was delicious too! So I'm gonna drop by more often, okay?" He doesn't give either of them time to react before nodding to himself. "Okay!"

Hopping to his feet, Kokichi spins on his heel to face his friends. "Last one to the bike pay's for tomorrow's meal!" And with those parting words, Kokichi speeds down the parking lot. Behind him, he could hear the sound of Miu and Rantaro stumbling to their feet, calling out his name. Kokichi feels laughter bubbling in his chest as Miu curses and throws insults at him, while Rantaro warns him not to leave any scratches on his bike.

Maybe he'll actually try out the specials tomorrow.

王馬にお誕生日
おめでとう
絶望

FROM: D.I.C.E.
HBD

Same Birthday — Three Different Vignettes

thatsrightdollface

(Past)

One time, while they were wandering around a museum, Shuichi Saihara and his boyfriend found an oily silver crown, super tarnished, with most of the stones missing. They had been clear purple stones, from the looks of things. Sort of sugary looking, like rock candy. Shuichi watched his boyfriend run a thin pale finger over the museum display glass, tracing the hollow spaces. Kokichi smiled to himself. Shivered.

"This was mine, a long time ago," Kokichi said, in about the same sort of voice as he might've announced, "*Aw no, Shuichi, I missed the exit! Guess that means we're driving somewhere different, now. Ready for a surprise*?" Kokichi liked telling fantastical stories probably way more than was good for him. He liked lying, basically, when it might be funny or shocking, when it might leave Shuichi staring after him, no earthly idea what to say next.

"That crown belonged to a king called 'Oma' over a thousand years ago," Shuichi chuckled, reading the explanatory sign above Kokichi's head. Kokichi was short, with his flippy purple hair tied back into a ponytail and his museum entry bracelet already torn nearly to shreds on his wrist. Kokichi fiddled with things around him all the time — while he was thinking, or restless, or anything

like that. “This sign says King Oma united all these warring families to overthrow a tyrant queen… he put a stop to this killing game that had lasted for generations.”

“Yup,” said Kokichi, sounding bored. He was blinking really hard, looking down at the crown in the display case, here under so many glaring fluorescent lights. Did his eyes hurt? He wasn’t about to cry or anything, was he? “Don’t worry: I wouldn’t believe me either. But you would’ve reaaaally gotten a kick out of me, back then. Nowadays I work in a game store, but I *used* to play cards with over ten-thousand loyal subjects.”

This was probably all a joke — Shuichi was probably supposed to keep playing along, somehow — but he rubbed his boyfriend’s back a little, here, and Kokichi leaned into his hand.

“C’mon. That creepy anthropologist guy’s gonna start the ghost tour soon,” Kokichi said, spinning around on his squeaky checkerboard sneakers. He strode away, stuffing his hands deep into his hoodie pockets, and Shuichi glanced back at the crown in the display case. It *did* look like it could’ve fit Kokichi, if he thought about it. And hey… historians theorized this ancient king, Oma the Liberator, might’ve been born on June twenty-first. So, maybe he shared the same birthday as Kokichi, too.

Huh. Look at that.

(Present)

Detective Shuichi Saihara had visited D.I.C.E.'s secret headquarters under the city before, but it still shocked him how huge it was: stark white walls and an arcade, super computers

and costume closets, plus trophies from various supervillains they'd fought over the years. Shuichi's boyfriend was technically the leader of D.I.C.E., and so technically Shuichi was supposed to arrest him on sight. No good deed went unpunished, apparently. D.I.C.E. worked outside the law, sure, but they did good work. Necessary work.

Every member of D.I.C.E. had a "thing," Shuichi knew, too. A superpower, even if the public at large couldn't pin them all down, yet. Every time he asked Kokichi to put his "thing" into words, he told a different story. Sometimes he couldn't die. Sometimes he had super-speed just by nature, instead of thanks to some fancy high-tech boots he wore. Kokichi always grinned impishly, in the end, and squeezed Shuichi's hand.

"I'll tell you all about it someday, Mr. Detective," Kokichi promised. "Probably. Or maybe you'll see me in action, huh? If I have to pull out all the stops! I hope it doesn't come to that, but... well. You never know."

Tonight, Shuichi was visiting Kokichi's headquarters for a joint birthday party: Kokichi's own, and one of his newer teammate's. She didn't talk much, and Shuichi knew the truth of it was she'd never known her actual birthday. So logically... when it seemed like she felt left out; when it seemed like she felt alone... Kokichi'd announced, "Oh, that's okay. *I* know it. You share the same birthday as me!"

Shuichi wasn't sure he would've handled the problem quite that way, but maybe there was a reason all of these particular people had ended up drawn together. A team, playing video games on a pile of pillows with hundreds of bats flapping among the stalactites

above them. Yeah, Kokichi'd built his secret headquarters in an actual cave, originally. Like Batman.

"Kokichi's detective! You made it!" the D.I.C.E. member who now, officially, had the same birthday as Kokichi exclaimed. "He'll be so happy." It had taken Shuichi some time to get through the identification chambers; he'd slid all the way down the waterslide-style back entrance and unlocked the door with a crossword puzzle, too.

"I hope so," Shuichi smiled, voice soft. He'd brought an ice cream cake, and it was melting just a little in his hands. Presumably, a secret headquarters equipped with training simulation rooms and teleportation pods should have a decent freezer around somewhere, right?

(Future)

Nowadays, after the Danganronpa TV show's infamous killing game had been over for a long, long time, Shuichi Saihara's boyfriend never told anybody his actual birthday. None of their new friends who hadn't lived through the game knew it — or, if they'd guessed that Kokichi was really *that* Kokichi, the Ultimate Supreme Leader, they knew better than to say. It had been difficult, carving out a new life beyond who they'd been when they were trapped and terrified, filmed almost constantly, at each other's throats all the time. If Kokichi didn't want anybody to know he shared a birthday with *that* guy — the "human embodiment of a lie," the "trickster king," the "eternal stranger, always alone" — then Shuichi figured he should be allowed some space.

Of course, that meant Kokichi threw ridiculous birthday parties

on random days, from year to year, and saved that one day — his actual birthday — for Shuichi alone. For Shuichi, and the person he'd been both before the killing game and during the worst, bloodiest days of their lives.

Kokichi wasn't exactly sad, on his actual birthday. If anything it was like an inside joke. He'd told Shuichi that this year, he wanted to disappear from town. He wanted them to go to this big amusement park in a different city, wearing disguises so they could be pretty sure no one would know them from the old Team Danganronpa billboards.

"We can pretend it's our first date," Kokichi laughed, even though he'd proposed to Shuichi last week. (Shuichi had said yes, by the by. They were going to have a winter wedding.) "Or, heck — we can pretend to be Danganronpa fans, out celebrating the Ultimate Supreme Leader's birthday for kicks!"

"Whatever you say," Shuichi snickered. "You know *I'm* already a pretty big Ultimate Supreme Leader fan."

Kokichi leaned over to smack a kiss on Shuichi's forehead. He ruffled up Shuichi's hair just a little, and his eyes were so tender and soft. "That's right," he said. "I mean, by this point, you better be!"

THIS WORLD IS MINE

HAPPY

they...
they remembered
Happy Birth
@pixel_pinyx

The Boy and the Rabbit

Mamichigo

"Rantaro, if you find an animal in the mountains, don't feed them," his mother had said once, when he was much younger and about to go on his first hike. She adjusted the hat atop his head and gave him a severe look. "Understood?"

"Why not? What if it's hungry?"

"All the more reason to leave them be."

He found a rabbit in the mountains one day.

Seeing the human, it hopped his way with its curious nose twitching. The pure white fur almost disappeared in the snow that surrounded them, and every time it hopped, its body sank until just the ears were popping out.

It was rare to see a rabbit in the wild so far into winter, but Rantaro figured it was desperate enough for food to venture into the wild. Thinking of it that way, he couldn't help but think the creature was quite pitiful—albeit pretty cute when it bumped its head against his fingers like it did just now.

He watched the rabbit for a minute, and its strange purple eyes

gazed back at him. After a beat and a few rubs to the head, the rabbit started shivering. Rantaro felt colder just watching it.

“Sorry, I don’t have much to offer,” Rantaro explained.

The rabbit blinked beady eyes at him. Rantaro sighed.

“If it helps, I have some berries you might like."

With that said, Rantaro searched through his bag for the bundle of berries he had brought as an emergency snack—he figured it wouldn’t hurt to do away with some of them. As soon as he set the berries down, the rabbit was on them with ravenous teeth. It didn’t look as cute when it did that, and the juice from the berries stained its otherwise pure white fur, but Rantaro was charmed by its careless enthusiasm.

When he tried to reach for an ear to caress, however, his fingers were promptly bitten.

“Sorry, sorry, I suppose I made you angry,” he chuckled, bloody finger in his mouth. “I’ll leave you to it.”

Although the rabbit was so aggressive just a minute ago, it turned sorrowful eyes on him upon hearing Rantaro’s farewell. It was hard to walk away with such an intense stare following him, but Rantaro managed to come down the mountain feeling only a little guilty.

However, there was no need to worry: every time Rantaro went up the mountains, the rabbit stood in the same place he had seen him that first time. No matter how cold, it waited for him amidst the falling snow.

“Wouldn’t you prefer to go with your family or friends instead of waiting for me like that? You might end up getting hurt from being in the cold for so long,” Rantaro chided gently.

The rabbit paused from how it had been sniffing at Rantaro’s hand. It looked up at him and, after a moment of deliberation, it skipped away from him. No matter how much Rantaro called for it, it didn’t return, so he decided to leave it be for now.

The next day, instead of a rabbit, Rantaro found a boy waiting for him. Dressed in a white kimono, he would have blended with his surroundings if it wasn’t for the shockful of ink black hair and those familiar purple eyes. He stood in the usual spot in perfect posture, like a painted statue.

“There’s no one else,” were the boy’s first words to him, in a childish voice that reminded Rantaro of his siblings.

“What?”

“There’s only me, so it’s not like I have anything better to do.” The boy crossed his arms, lips pursed into a pout. “You’re so insensitive, honestly! Why are *you* hanging around this deserted place instead of spending time with your friends? I bet you don’t have any either.”

Rantaro winced and raised his hands. “You caught me. Sorry for saying something like that yesterday." He reached into his pocket. "I brought you more food as an apology, how about that?”

The boy gasped and grinned. He walked up to Rantaro, though his steps were so light he almost bounced on his feet. Rantaro felt the urge to reach out to him and prevent a fall, but the boy

landed perfectly in front of him, spraying snow all over the front of Rantaro's clothing.

"I guess this isn't so bad," the boy appraised, muffled by the berries currently in his mouth. "Since you apologized, I'll give you the grand prize of knowing my name. You can call me Kokichi from now on."

"Kokichi... Alright."

After that, he visited more often. What had been weekly visits became a daily occurrence. Whenever Rantaro considered staying in, he could only see that boy, so pale he barely looked alive, bare feet covered by snow as he waited and waited.

Once, Rantaro delayed his visit by several hours, curious for what would happen. As he trudged up the path, struggling to see in the dimmer light, he found Kokichi still in the same position, the usual place. His head was downcast, but upon hearing footsteps, he lifted his eyes and stared.

"You're still here?" Rantaro asked, half worried, half horrified.

"Where else would I be?"

Without replying, Rantaro wrapped his scarf around Kokichi's neck. He silently promised to come earlier from then on.

To his surprise, even with Kokichi's capricious and somewhat self-centered nature, it wasn't much of a chore to spend time with him. The short visits quickly became several hours long, with the two of them walking together until the sky grew dark and Rantaro would walk home with a flashlight in hand. His family warned him

against being out past sundown, but Rantaro brushed their worry away, Kokichi's enigmatic smile swimming in his head.

He just couldn't leave him be.

But, there were moments when Rantaro considered if it wasn't dangerous to associate with Kokichi. Times when the sun had gone down, and they were illuminated only by a nearby lamp, casting strange shadows around them.

At that point, Kokichi turned to him and said, "Aren't you forgetting something?"

"Forgetting?"

He raised an eyebrow, but Kokichi just shrugged in response. He didn't elaborate.

"If you aren't, then that's fine."

No matter how much he racked his brain for a response, Rantaro couldn't find one. As far as he could remember, he didn't have any unfinished business with Kokichi.

"It sure is late," Kokichi commented lightly.

It clicked in his head. His sisters.

He had promised them before leaving that he'd be home earlier. Apparently, with his constant outings, the younger ones were starting to miss him, and begged him to stay home. Finally, he had managed to appease them by making a deal to be home in the afternoon so they could spend more time together.

Rantaro cursed under his breath.

“I have to go, I told my sisters I’d be home early today,” Rantaro said in a horrified whisper.

With the moon high in the sky, there was no way for him to spin the situation in his favor. He let out a dejected sigh.

“Are you the kind of person who breaks their promises?” Kokichi asked in a mocking tone. “How horrible.”

Rantaro flicked his forehead, gentle enough that it wouldn’t leave a mark—though, Kokichi still became teary-eyed, which was quickly subdued by offering one of the candies Rantaro had on his person. It was originally intended for someone else, but Rantaro decided this was more urgent at the moment.

“I’m not,” Rantaro reinforced in a steely voice. “I’ve just been more forgetful lately, it’s weird…”

Kokichi gave him a side-long look, quietly watching his face while humming under his breath. From this angle, the low light made his eyes darker, closer to black than vibrant purple. He looked like someone with a secret to keep.

“Have a safe trip, then!”

Kokichi waved cheerfully, his other hand behind his back. He spoke up again as Rantaro turned away, “You should be careful, by the way.”

Rantaro looked over his shoulder back at Kokichi, head cocked. “Why is that?”

“Winter is the season of death, after all.”

“You see, they’re a bad omen. They might try to take you away.”

“Away to where?”

“Amami-chan—”

“Just Rantaro is fine.”

“So, Rantaro-chan, say,” Kokichi swung his legs back and forth while watching the snow fall, “I want to ask for something.”

Rantaro crossed his arms and gestured for Kokichi to go on.

“Not from you, silly! I want to visit the shrine here. Can we?”

“There’s no shrine around these parts, though,” he protested. Rantaro had been around these mountains quite a few times and explored them in his free time. If there was a shrine nearby, he would’ve seen it by now.

“Of course there is. Didn’t you know?”

“No—”

Although Kokichi’s eyes were still aimed upwards, he didn’t seem to be looking at the snow anymore. He was frowning, mouth pressed into a flat line. He didn’t look happy.

“Fine, of course we can go.”

A smile brightened his features and before Rantaro could brace himself, Kokichi was already on his feet and pulling Rantaro by

the arm. He tried to ask for clarification, but Kokichi just kept on leading him through trees and bushes while singing a nursery rhyme Rantaro didn't recognize.

The shrine, when they found it, was an old building covered in moss and cracks that made it seem like it could fall down at any time. The place was hidden in the more dense part of the woods that surrounded the mountain, which might explain why Rantaro had never encountered it before.

While Rantaro was busy studying the place, Kokichi wasted no time in bowing before the shrine and clapping his hands in prayer. Although Kokichi hadn't seemed the type for that sort of thing, he was very earnest about it, eyes squeezed shut and mouth moving silently as he made his wish.

"What was so important that you'd pray like that?" Rantaro asked once Kokichi did his final bow.

Kokichi clicked his tongue. "If I tell you, then my wish won't come true, everyone knows that. I'm not taking any risks."

"So it *is* something important."

"Of course it is, I wouldn't be praying for it if it wasn't, would I?"

Gently, Rantaro bumped his shoulder against Kokichi's, head dipped so he could better see his eyes.

"You really won't tell?"

"Nope!"

Despite his words, Kokichi looked a bit hesitant, hands fiddling

with the scarf Rantaro had given him (since gifting it to him, Rantaro had yet to see Kokichi without it).

Careful not to startle him, Rantaro played with Kokichi's hair, first messing it up only to brush it down and away from his eyes. Kokichi narrowed his eyes at him, but didn't reject the touch quite yet.

"Hey," Rantaro called softly. "Maybe I can help you with your wish. But I won't know how to do that if you don't tell me what it is. Right?"

They studied each other, Kokichi with caution, Rantaro with patience. Rantaro squeezed his shoulder. For a moment, it seemed like he would refuse, but finally Kokichi relented with a dramatic sigh.

"If you really want to know," he paused and waited.

Rantaro nodded.

Then, in a quieter voice, Kokichi admitted, "I asked not to be alone again."

"Just promise me you'll never do it, okay?"

"Okay."

"That's easy enough." Perhaps it was something that required more thinking, however, it slipped out easily: "I'll just not leave your side, how does that sound?"

Kokichi raised himself onto his tiptoes, invading Rantaro's space as he stared up at him, eyes sparkling. Some part of his brain found it sinister, but right now it was all too simple to push that thought down.

"You'd really do that?" Kokichi demanded.

"I'll swear on it," Rantaro replied just as fiercely.

Kokichi didn't react immediately, as if waiting for Rantaro to go back on his word. When that never came, he bounced on his feet and grabbed Rantaro's hand, firmly clasped between his.

"Then, let's go."

"Where are we going?" Although he asked, Rantaro was unresisting.

Kokichi smiled, teeth showing. His words were lost to the wind as they stepped past the to*rii*.

"Rantaro! Rantaro, please respond!" Those words soon echoed throughout the mountain every day for months.

Every time, it went unanswered.

Sorry, mom, I think I forgot our promise.

6.21.2021
Happy Birthday to
Oma Kokichi

Happy Birthday 6.21
Suitan

D.I.C.E
2ND-IN-
COMMAND
Shuichi
Saihara
Joker's
06/21
Birthday
D.I.C.E
SUPREME
LEADER
Kokichi
Oma
Your Gift
Happy Birthday Leader
06/21/21
"Then you should stay by my side".
Happy Birthday
TO: FUTURE MR. SAIHARA
Panta
ROLL
THE
D.I.C.E

Red Embers

themaybelltree

Himari should've known better. Truly - she should've. When you put D.I.C.E. in one room and assign them a task, there'd be hell to pay. Whether it be *literal* hell (that was a fun night!) or a metaphorical pit of fire, D.I.C.E. had a way of making the absolute worst out of any given situation. Even if the odds were stacked in their favor, or if perhaps there was a null chance of failure, they would find the correct path to absolute doom and destruction.

As Himari stared into a torrent of fire, she cradled her head in her hands. Mayumi, her partner-in-planning, had long since left her side to assault Reo.

How did things end up like this?

"Mayumi~!" called Himari, a bounce in her step. Mayumi turned towards her, her feet kicked up and rested against the bulky monitor of the computer that she was working at. It was rare to see Mayumi smile, but Himari saw a slight grin spread across her face as she approached her girlfriend. She stopped short and the permanent pink markings on her own cheeks deepened. She breathlessly called out: "Mayumi."

Mayumi's eyebrow lifted as if to say: "Really? You're pathetic," but, given Mayumi's rather standoffish nature, Himari - of course - knew that this was a fictitious display. Himari tilted her head and Mayumi turned back to her monitor, tapping away like a hacker in one of those old spy movies. "What's up?"

"Nothin' much. I just had an idea."

"We all know how your ideas turn out."

Himari didn't have a good past with planning operations. Her heists were always the ones with the highest probability of failure, but she chalked that up to her simply not being in her element behind the tactical screen! She served much better as the distraction - a femme fatale - rather than a strategist akin to Kokichi or Tsubasa. It wasn't her fault; it was the nature of their career path that some of them may be more accustomed to certain roles than others. That's why she stuck to the status quo.

Now was not one of those instances. No, she had *ideas* - ideas that needed to be fulfilled! It wasn't often that D.I.C.E. used their powers for good *or* for one of their own. If they combined the two, a miracle was sure to be born!

Himari huffed and leant against the desk. It creaked under her weight and Mayumi's eye twitched. The other girl bit her lip hard and stared at the strange and foreign document covering her monitor that Himari couldn't quite decipher. It looked to be in some sort of obscure language. She clicked her tongue and leaned sideways so as to cover the screen, glaring at Mayumi. "Mayumi! That's not funny!"

She rolled her eyes. "I wasn't making a joke."

Himari ignored her and carried onwards, trapped in her own flights of fancy that she didn't notice one Kokichi Ouma slinking in through the doorway and hiding himself among the shadows. "That hurts, ya know! I'm hurt!"

"Boohoo. You gonna cry, baby?"

"I just might!"

"What're you even here for? I'm working." Mayumi gestured vaguely to the screen that Himari was still covering.

At her question, a sly grin settled across Himari's lips and a small chuckle burst from her. She leaned further back against the desk and computer screen that her partner had previously been attending to. "Kokichi's birthday is comin' up."

Mayumi clicked her tongue and shook her head ferociously as though powered by the force of a thousand suns. "Nope! Nope. Not doing it. I know where this is going."

Himari waved her hand lazily. "Don't you trust me, Mayumi? It'd be me running the show this time, not Reo! We should've known better than to trust a mad scientist with planning a birthday party." Mayumi squinted at her. At her sour expression, Himari schooled her face carefully and leaned closer to Mayumi, her bottom lip jutting out and her eyes wide and sparkling under the one lightbulb above Mayumi's desk. "*Mayumi*," whined Himari. "*Please... I can't plan this without you.*"

Mayumi stared at her for a few moments, the gears visibly turning and clinking against one another in her brain. The girl leant back in her chair and studied Himari, her legs and arms crossed and closed off. Finally, she let out a deep sigh and pinched the fine

flesh resting between her eyebrows with her forefinger and her thumb. “I’m going to regret this…” she stated - not as a resignation but moreso a fact of nature.

Himari screeched and bounced up from where she was leaning, wrapping her arms tightly around her girlfriend as she jumped up and down. “Thank you! Thank you, thank you! Oh, I have so *many* ideas! It’s going to be *great!* Are you excited, Mayumi? Are you? Are you?” She shook her girlfriend back and forth, idly watching as her head lolled from side to side.

Mayumi gently pried her hands off of her. “Sure… Well, if we’re planning a - this is a surprise party, right?” Himari nodded her head in affirmation. “If we’re planning a surprise party, we have to be coy, alright? Kokichi’s a slick bastard. He’ll find out if we’re not on our toes. Speaking of which, we should head somewhere more private to discuss this. Anyone can walk in at any time.”

Himari’s grin widened on her face and she lifted the stray mask hanging from around her neck to cover her eyes. Mayumi snapped the mask adorning the back of her scalp to the front of her face. With that, the duo faded from the common room, oblivious to one Kokichi Ouma’s cruel grin glinting in the lamplight.

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on him as he scribbled nonsensities (blueprints, he claimed) in his notebook while Mayumi explained the plan to the rest of D.I.C.E.

As soon as the meeting concluded, Himari latched on to Mayumi's arm. Mayumi attempted to swat off her timid hands, but Himari persevered and pulled her ear down to her lips. "Reo is planning something," she whispered.

Mayumi stared at her as if she had grown two heads. "Well, duh. I'm going to assign Daichi to Reo Duty. No worries. It'll all be taken care of."

Himari breathed a shaky sigh of relief and melted into Mayumi's shoulder. "You sure?" she mumbled. "I don't want this to turn out like all my other heists."

Mayumi tutted and leaned close to Himari, encircling her within her arms and pulling her close to her chest. "It'll be fine. You worry too much."

As they found out three days later, it was not fine. Himari didn't worry too much. In fact, she hadn't worried *enough*.

It started with a faint smell that resembled barbeque. Daichi had waved his hand erratically and claimed it was just the neighbors. Strange, considering that D.I.C.E. HQ was located out in the countryside and they didn't have any neighbors, but Himari was stupid and alone and so she listened to Daichi's wild explanation. She watched him scamper off to the end of the room - where Reo was - and begin talking to him.

She should've connected the dots just then, but alas, she didn't. Daichi and Reo had always been partners in crime. Why would today be any different?

From there they began setting up. Daisuke was hanging streamers on the wall and Youta was hanging a huge banner that said “HAPPY BIRTHDAY KOKICHI” in large bolded letters across the wall furthest from the door. Megumi was the DJ, of course. Despite her quiet demeanor, she was known for her wicked music taste.

Everything seemed fine. They were doing good. Everything was okay. Then Tsubasa walked in *two hours early* with Kokichi and all hell broke loose.

Everyone froze as they stared at Kokichi, a sly grin spread across his lips as he stared at the decorations littering the common room. He clicked his tongue and surveyed the area. “So… what’s going on here?” Tsubasa stared at his phone confused out of his mind. From behind Kokichi, he held it up and Himari saw his clock set two hours fast.

Mayumi met her eyes. Himari gulped in trepidation and fear - not because of the situation, necessarily, but more because of the resolute determination burning in Mayumi’s eyes as her gaze flickered to Kokichi. A moment too late, she saw Mayumi’s feet kick up stray bits of cobwebs and dirt and her robust form knocked Kokichi over. A moment later, Daisuke and Ryuu joined the dogpile.

“Ow! Hey! What the f—!”

“TSUBASA! TAKE HIM!” screeched Mayumi, locking Kokichi’s wrists above his head. Tsubasa nodded frantically and tossed Kokichi over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

Kokichi pounded uselessly at his back. “TSUBASA! I ALREADY KNOW! LET ME DOWN! YOU PIECE OF—!” His voice vanished

down the hallway. For a moment, the room was silent and contemplative. They had already been found out, of course. *Of course* they had.

As if on cue, a sharp burst of electricity and fire came from the inside of the cake that Mayumi and Ryuu had so carefully baked. A rhythmic chorus resemblant of firecrackers ignited the fine lining on the underside of the table holding it. Daichi froze as he stared at a tripwire he had activated and Reo's face melted into a strange mixture of shock and absolute glee.

Oh. So *this* was Reo's plan.

"GET DOWN!" Himari heard a scuttling of feet and felt herself entrapped within Mayumi's familiar grip. From the corner of her eye, she saw Ryuu fall over a fallen chair. His elbow hit a panel on the wall when he banged into it, which proceeded to ignite a small fuse connected to the roof.

Himari watched in silent horror as this spark of fire ignited each and every single one of the carefully constructed streamers that Daisuke had laid across the walls. The banner that Youta had put up went up in flames. A few balloons popped. The fuse continued onwards, closer to the remnants of the cake that she knew Mayumi was so very proud of.

"NOOOOO!" Himari reached towards the cake as though she were in a movie, stretching her fingers like she could actually prevent the disaster that was about to happen.

At that moment, the door to the common rooms flew open. Kokichi stood there and stared pointedly at that lit fuse heading towards

his cake. Breathlessly, he whispered: “Oh, Reo. You know me so well.”

And then everything exploded.

The fuse met the cake. Flames ignited the table that the cake was resting on, spreading towards the plastic chairs knocked over on the floor.

Mayumi growled and leapt away from Himari’s prone form, scampering towards Reo’s manically laughing ass. Reo abruptly stopped laughing when he spotted Mayumi’s vicious strut, tossing away a small grey controller that he was holding and rushing towards the exit. Kokichi blocked his path, a wide grin that matched Reo’s former one lighting up at the sight of Mayumi trying to throttle him. Reo paused, giving Mayumi just enough time to tackle him to the floor.

That’s how they ended up in their current predicament. As Kokichi laughed in the center of all the chaos, as Reo chortled and tried to shove Mayumi off of him, as Daichi stared in horror at what he had helped create, Himari sighed. Things for D.I.C.E. always ended up like this.

She didn’t notice when Kokichi stopped laughing and made his way towards her. “I knew from the beginning, ya know. You weren’t subtle. Plus, I overheard the whole thing.”

When Kokichi spoke, she jumped. Then his words sunk in and she groaned in exasperation, tossing her head back as she stared at the scorched ceiling. “Seriously… Wow, that’s just my luck, huh? I can’t do anything right. Not heists, not birthday parties, nothing. I guess that’s why I’m the distraction, right?”

Kokichi murmured. “You are pretty lousy at these sorts of things, yeah. You’re right on the money there.” Himari was about to retort another self-deprecation when he interrupted her pity party. “That’s just how I like it. A normal birthday party? Seriously?” He met her gaze and winked. “Do you even know me? I’d never want that!” He tossed his head backwards at Reo. “Reo had the right idea. Spontaneity. That’s how I like it.”

“B-But your cake…”

“Eh, we can just buy one at the grocery store. It’s still cake.” She was about to say something else when Kokichi silently shook his head and clicked his tongue. “Jeez. You just don’t get it, do you? I want to say thank you. Thank you for making my birthday not boring.”

There was a profoundness to those words that left her baffled and speechless. Himari watched as he scurried over to where Mayumi and Reo were still wrestling, cheering on both sides simultaneously. She watched as he grinned and laughed with such a mirth in his eyes that was hard to find nowadays - now that they were older and more boring.

As she stood in an inflamed room, with ruined cake and shinged party decorations, she smiled. Maybe it wasn’t too bad to mess up from time to time.

That’s D.I.C.E. for you.

THANK YOU!

Roll the DICE! is a *Danganronpa* fanzine centered on Kokichi Ouma and his organization, DICE. Please keep an eye out for our pre-orders opening on July 18!

We look forward to pulling off a heist with you again!

@DICEzine @drdicezine

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